

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
PUBLISHED AT OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA

Vol. I

Saturday

Dec. 14, 1918

No. 6



THE glorious sun greets us through a rift in the morning mist, up here, where our government has tucked us in the wondrous mountains. We look off into the white and blue, where the mountain altitude lifts us above the smaller trials of the lower world and brings us much closer to our "Chief Aim" or as the native Indians expressed it:

—"Oteen".



WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers' Accounts, and we will Welcome Your Business.



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We give special attention to the banking needs of officers, enlisted men and nurses of the U. S. Army.

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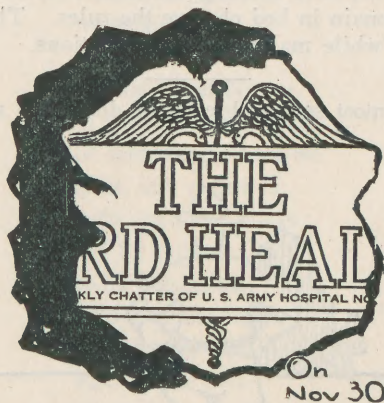
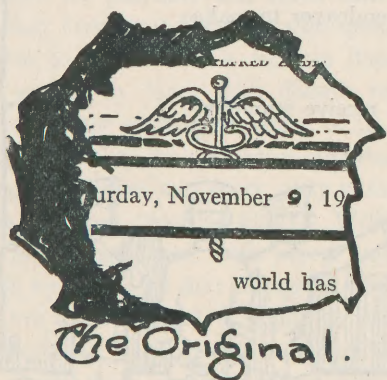


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Vol. I

Saturday, December 14, 1918

No. 6



On Nov 30

Imitation sometimes assumes the proportion of sincere flattery, yet "lifting" ideas more often causes genuine annoyance. We refer to our brother sheet, THE WARD HEALER, published on neighboring hill. For seven weary months they produced a prosaic sheet of from 12 to 16 pages. Five weeks ago we burst into print with a 24 page magazine as a permanent policy exclusive of special numbers, feeble perhaps in its youthfulness, yet strong in individuality. One week from that time they produced a 24 page sheet, and consistently every week since has THE WARD HEALER brought innovations to bear the counterpart and rank imitation, on the face, of those of The Oteen. We have used a colored stock to carry our original cover designs. THE WARD HEALER, after months of no cover at all, followed our first issue with bazaar pinks and blues in an attempt to "cover up." The accompanying illustrations show our editorial box with the caduceus cutting through the date line and THE WARD HEALER front page of November thirtieth, which shows the attempted handling of our design, or the ability of their designer to strike the one idea of a thousand in common with ours.

Our Welfare Workers' page carries three column headings for the Y.M.C.A., Red Cross and K. C. Mr. Ward Healer has introduced the same with a slightly varied idea, yet in the identical order.

This paper does not recall THE WARD HEALER ever bringing into being a signed editorial in a border, by the head of their organization, until we had run several by our Colonel and ranking officers.

Inasmuch as General Hospital No. 12 oftentimes refers to us as their "offspring," we do not cherish the thought of being "father" to their ideas. The unintentional compliments of the past few weeks is taken in all good sportsmanship. Individuality should be the spice of this magazine, and of their funny sheet.

Our campaign for a square deal for the soldiers is bearing fruit. An armistice is just ahead between the Orange Star and The Oteen. We lay down our pen awaiting results. We were not digging personalities—we were prodding for better service and a reduction in fares. It is within sight.

They promise us a real fleet of cars to and from Asheville, and a schedule. With the inception of this we're going to boost—as hard as we've knocked—You men of the Post will have to cooperate to the limit in patronage. Next week we hope to lay the whole scheme before you in black and white.

It comes to us that the Allies have been fighting for a common reason. Yet each had some special ideal that it wished to gain. The individual reasons for desiring victory have been right and proper, and a great stimulator to extraordinary efforts. Now that peace is nearly here, may each of the Allies get the fulfillment of its heart's wish, if such is within the bounds of a just peace. May the whole world feel and see that when any Nation fights for liberty that that Nation will be rewarded for its work.

But any final peace arrangements must consider the conquered, as well as the conquerors. There must be some mutual basis of justice to make the peace lasting—and one that the world will respect.

There must be "mutuality" in any peace trade, or it will be a very bad trade for both parties to the trade. Germany's crimes have been so great that she deserves a sure and terrible punishment. If Germany gets all she deserves, the Allies are sure to get all they want.

May the next few weeks see the proper finishing touches.



We're high in ideals and atmosphere here—yet no exception in the question of Gossips. They run as common as 'coots' in a camp without hot and cold water. A gossip is primarily an ignorant person with a mind incapable of comprehending the fundamental that when, one drags down another, one drags down self. With no background of breeding, with no precedents of mutual service, with no knowledge of places, or theories or things, he snivels and smirks about his bunkmate or his neighbor. They're an unreal sort of person, with little understanding of the God given injunction "Do unto others as you would be done by!" When you talk on facts—talk sense—when you are inclined to talk prattling gossip—remember that unkind words come back to curse the person that started them—and shut up.

OFFICIAL

BULLETIN OF ORDERS

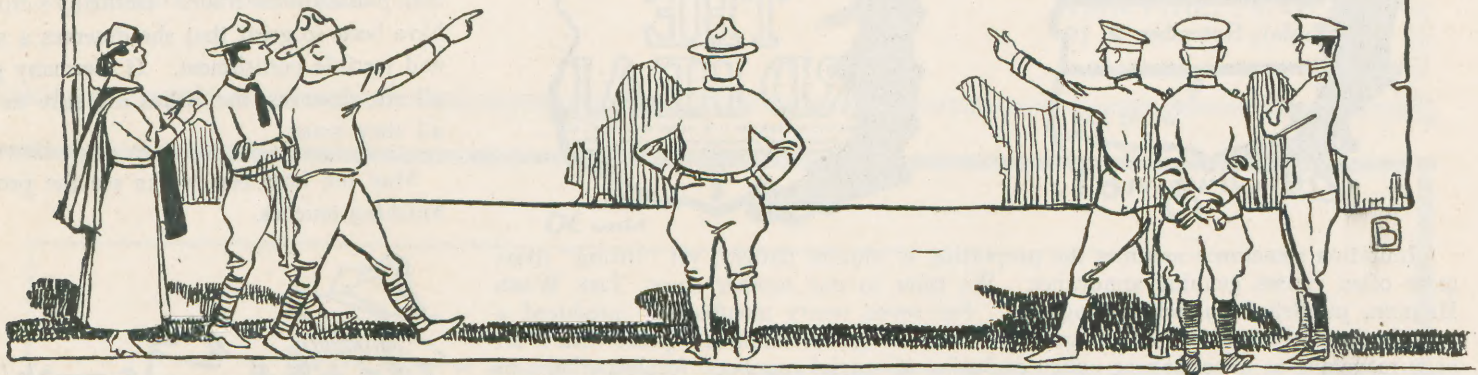
Beginning December 5th the officers and enlisted men of this Command will wear the service uniforms as far as it is practicable. The service hat may be however, worn on the reservation.

There will be no smoking in the corridors of the Patient's Mess Hall.

At once after admission of a patient, the Wardmaster shall have his clothing sterilized and his washable clothing sent to the Laundry, and arrange for its return. After return of same, it is to be deposited in the Clothing room, properly marked.

Night attendants will see that the lights are extinguished at the proper time, and that the authorized all-night lights in their wards are burning. They will maintain order and discipline, stop all loud talking, boisterous conduct or disturbance and see that patients required to remain in bed observe the rules. They will endeavor to make as little noise as possible while making their inspections.

Sleeping on duty is a most serious breach of discipline and will receive summary punishment.



EVERY DISABLED SOLDIER SHOULD KNOW

That the Government is resolved to do its best to restore him to health, strength, and self-supporting activity.

That until his discharge from hospital care the medical and surgical treatment necessary to restore him to health and strength is under the jurisdiction of the Military authorities.

That the vocational training which may be afterwards necessary to restore his self-supporting activity is under the jurisdiction of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

That, after his discharge, he again needs medical treatment on account of his disability the Government supplies it free.

That any man whose disability entitles him to compensation under the War-Risk Insurance Act may be provided by the Federal Board with a course of vocational training for a new occupation.

That the Government strongly recommends each man who needs it to undertake

vocational training and puts himself under the care of the Federal Board, but the decision to do so is optional with each man.

That if his disability does prevent him from returning to employment without training and he elects to follow a course of vocational training provided by the Federal Board, the course will be furnished free of cost, and he will be paid as long as the training lasts a monthly compensation equal to the sum to which he is entitled under the War-Risk Insurance Act or a sum equal to the pay of his last month of active service, whichever is the greater, but in no case will a single man or a man required by his course of instruction to live apart from his dependents receive less than \$65 per month, exclusive of the sum paid dependents; nor will a man living with his dependents receive less than \$75 per month, inclusive of sum paid to dependents.

That if his disability does not prevent him from returning to employment without training and he elects to follow a course of vocational training provided by the Federal


Board, the course will be furnished free of cost to him, and the compensation provided by the War-Risk Insurance Act will be paid to him, but no allowance will be paid to his family.

That in addition to the above the family or dependents of each disabled man will receive from the Government during his period of training the same allowance as that paid prior to his discharge from the Army.


That upon completion of his course of training he will continue to receive the compensation prescribed by the War-Risk Insurance Act so long as his disability continues.

That in nearly every case, by following the advice and suggestions of the Federal Board, he can either get rid of the handicap caused by his disability or acquire new powers to replace any that may have been lost.

That if he is willing to learn and to take advantage of the opportunities to increase
(Continued on page 18)



HATS & CAPES



Conducted by the Nurses

FRIVOLITIES

Back home when the war and ways to win it were the vital subjects and the only things to give our leisure to, we thought rather scornfully of mere pleasure. But our problems have changed. It is still just as necessary to be loyal to Uncle Sam and the work we are here to do. Nevertheless, we plead for playtime and agree with the wise man (wasn't it David?) who spoke of a "time to mourn and a time to dance." Who we are to dance with doesn't really seem to matter so much to some of us, we boldly confess, as the delightful opportunity to forget ourselves and every petty vexation of the day and "just be glad." Will not some psychologist give forth expert opinion on this topic and say that among all workers none are more in need of complete change of thought, of frivolity and fun than those who spend their working hours with the sick? How can we bring sunshine to those we are expected to cheer, if our own spirits are repressed and depressed too continuously? We wish right here to speak our appreciation of the efforts of our superior officers for us in this direction and to say without taking one smallest particle of pleasure away from others or trespassing on that which is rightfully theirs. Still we need our post parties.

□ □

"Why is the Bandana like a woman?"

"We think our secrets safe with her."

□ □

Yankee to Rebel—"Why is the weather so uncertain in The Land of the Sky?"

Rebel — "To keep your mind active guessing."

□ □

WANTED — All manner of elevation to give light in Nurses' Barracks.

□ □

WANTED — Long distance connection to Nurses' Mess Hall, in order to get maid for second helpings. Apply Nurses' Corps.

□ □

WANTED—Private wire, Barracks No. 1, Room 20, to prevent congestion in business office.

Dear Mr. Colonel:

Please, may I

write you one

of those little

notes the boys

do so well?

Last week some

intellectual bean

wrote in these

columns arguing

for the Chief Nurse

to be a Major General

or something—and we

girls, less endowed

with brains, perhaps,

but as earnest,

to be non-coms.

I for one am in

accord with that,

but for the love

of goodness and fairness

why aren't we allowed

to associate with

the non-coms? We respect

and revere our officers,

but it would be

wonderful some time

to get with the

live element of the

nation.

—A NURSE.

□ □

"I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare, and dare a little more as I grow older in the Army."

□ □

WANTED—

Butter instead of oleo jam.

Permanent passes.

Better transportation.

Reasonable fares.

Or a car.

Sausage instead of liver.

Church services.

Electricity instead of candles.

More pie.

Weekly dances—wifeless.

The ban lifted.

A beau for every nurse.

Apply Box 77777 this office.

"Hello, Joe! How's the weather to-day, does it suit you?"

Joe — "You bet it does, a permanent wave, "The Stars and Stripes."

□ □

How fast are the Misses Wagner and Curl getting along with their knitting? About fifteen Knots an hour.

□ □

While everyone else is airing a grievance, the A.N.C. falls in line. Will someone kindly tell us why cars are not permitted to bring nurses coming from town up to the Administration Building, at least? Generally we are invited to get out either at the Baron's or at Post No. 1, let the weather be what it may, or the night ever so dark. The nurses are in doubt as to whether this is an order from the Commanding Officer or the Sergeant of the Guard.

□ □

Soldier's Idea: Red lining of Nurses' capes shows love for her soldier patients who are anxious to do their duty by them.

Chief Nurse's Idea: Lining of cape exposed shows lack of personal interest—and attention to dress.

—S.A.

□ □

We suggest a plan for the betterment of this page. Let a number of associate editors be appointed, for a month at least, to collect material in each barracks through the week and to meet together at a certain time and place to put this in form for our columns. Pictures, clippings, news items, advice (not too much), announcements, jokes, personals, paragraphs which will ease your mind, will all have consideration. The way in which Oteen sells among the nurses, assures us of your interest.

—G.V.L.

□ □

When—

Shall we give a play?

Learn a new song?

Have a winnie roast?

Get into the new barracks?

EDITORIAL

To the Detachment



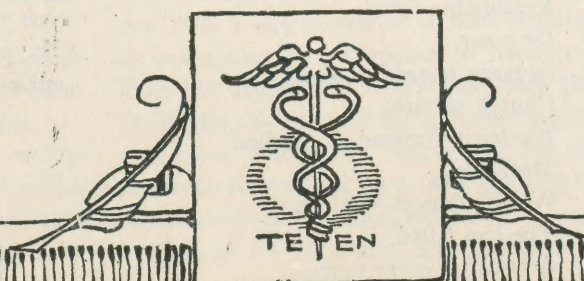
THE Medical Department is vastly more necessary now than ever before. It is needed to care for those broken down in the Service, or wounded in doing their part toward bringing the war to a successful conclusion. Men, look at this matter squarely! Can you honestly lie down and quit now? A question absorbing much of our time, and one I wish to speak to the Detachment Men of is that of discharges. As I understand, the War Department, at present, have the Medical Department enlisted force far down on the demobilization list. On serious thought, you can readily see they are right. Our work is the caring for the wounded boys that did the fighting, and we've got to see them through.

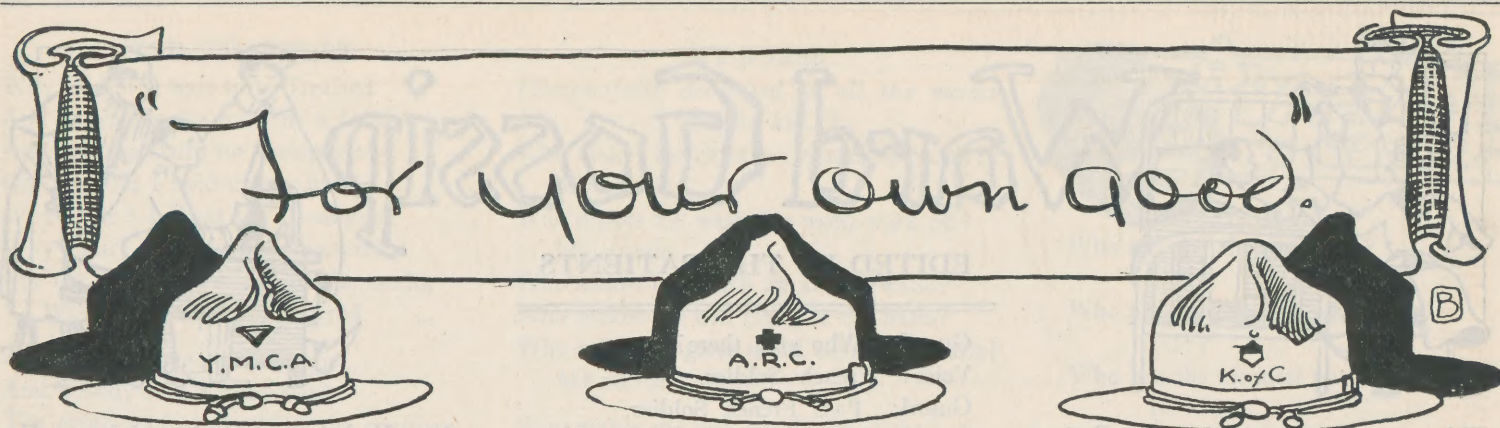
As men, think of the boys who were at the front. Had they quit at the deciding moment, where would our country be? Now, the matter is brought home to us—will we quit? I say no, and believe I speak for every man in my Detachment. The Commanding Officer asked me of the attitude of the men regarding discharges. I told him we'd stick till they came through. Tho' we do not get the glory and applause of the combatant outfits, we are as essentially a part of the Army, as the past proves. We are of the same stuff, have the same Yankee grit to stick—and stick we will till the job's done. When the Regulars come to relieve you boys, then you are going home, realizing you did your bit.

Many of you have business at home, others have folks that are sick. From the telegrams received in the past month, I fear most of them are ailing. But—supposing you were in France—you could not get back to the business, nor to the sick family. Most men would never have stopped to ask if the War was still on. Think again, and see with me that the war is still on—it has just begun, and we've got to stand the "gaff" with the best of them over there. Furloughs are being given to as many men as can be spared. Everything is being done to get you home for a short stay.

Many of our wonderful self-sacrificing mothers are still writing cheery letters—others are at the point of "Now the War's Over" and have not stopped to consider that *our* work has just begun. Men, I ask one and all to write home and explain matters. None of our people want us to be quitters. They will be more proud and have a clearer conscience if, when the country has ceased to need you by giving you your discharge, you can return and say "I stuck through." I believe in you, and know when the question is asked I can truthfully say "My Detachment are both soldiers and men—and will stick to the end!"

LIEUT. W. L. WHITE, S.C., U.S.A.
Detachment Commander.





Men who expect to have P. O. Money Orders issued to them in the future, and who expect to have us cash them, will please observe the request of the Postmaster at Asheville to have them made payable by that office instead of the Azalea office. Owing to the large number of Money Orders cashed by the Y.M.C.A. through the Asheville office, it would save them much confusion if all orders were made payable by them instead of the Azalea office. Please observe this request, fellows.

▽ ▽

It is hoped that our Sunday afternoon services may be extended through the week days real soon, and now that we have an organ, we believe that the men in the wards will find greater interest and pleasure in attending these meetings.

▽ ▽

Look out, boys, for an important Christmas announcement in this column next week. It will concern *you*.

▽ ▽

Come to see us, boys, we are still on the job, and we'll give you the biggest welcome you ever got in such a small place. So long as we have a home at all, no matter how small it may be, it's all yours—the little home with a big heart. We want you, and You Must Come Again.

▽ ▽

Owing to the recent shifting of our quarters, the regular eleven o'clock Sunday morning service had to be discontinued, but we had a very nice service in one of the patients' wards, and another Sunday afternoon in a different ward. We are hopeful of continuing these ward services, and making them genuinely worth while.

On Friday, 115 unexpected guests came to the Red Cross House from Camp Greene Base Hospital No. 122. They came in at about midnight, and when whistled up at 5:45, they actually and cheerfully and musically sang, "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning."

During their entire stay of two days, the spirit of understanding between Sergeant Campbell, in charge, and his men, together with their interest in our house, made their visit a genuine pleasure. If they are to be in Oteen for some time to come, then congratulations to Oteen! It will be always a pleasure to us to help out in such ways as this.

+ +

With Christmas only a few weeks away, our interests are centering on plans for the Christmas entertainment, which we hope to make a good one.

+ +

Mr. Moore, Associate Director, in charge of hospital work, has resigned to take up other work. His successor is expected next week.

THEN THE TROUBLE BEGAN

A French soldier, with a slight knowledge of English, always carried a pocket dictionary, so that he could look up unfamiliar words. He had an excellent voice, and often sang French songs for his English and American comrades. One day an American, charmed with the Frenchman's voice, said to him: "You have a fine, mellow voice."

"Mellow" was a new word to the Frenchman, so he pulled out his dictionary, and found: "Mellow. Over-ripe, rotten, soft, friable, tipsy."

WHAT THE ALPHABET MEANS TO A K. OF C. SECRETARY

- A for Attractions to help you pass the day.
- B for the Books received from the A.L.A.
- C stands for Checkers, play as you might.
- D means Dances to be held on Monday night.
- E for Education, our daily classes attend.
- F for a Furlough, a few days at home to spend.
- G stands for Games we leave to your suggestion.
- H for Happiness throughout the Reservation.
- I means Invigorate, the climate so sublime.
- J for the Jitney, on our way to town, we climb.
- K means K. of C., of which we must say.
- L for their Loyalty to the good old U.S.A.
- M stands for Mass, Sundays at half-past eight.
- N for the Nurse who always comes late.
- O for Oteen, and its motto so grand.
- P means the Pleasures so near at hand.
- Q the Quality of those in command.
- R for Reconstruction throughout the entire land.
- S for the Secretaries, Bill and Joe.
- T for the Things they do for you as come and go.
- U means Unity when put to the test.
- V the Vision of those we love the best.
- W for the Welcome you always receive.
- X the X-Rays in search of disease.
- Y for the Youth we so foolishly spend.
- Z stands for Zero, meaning this is the end.

★ ★

NOTICE—The Oteen will be on sale at the K. of C. Hut, and 1 cent stamped wrappers will be provided to those who wish them.

★ ★

We wish all the boys to enroll their names on our Register.





Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS



This page was given over to the Patient Wards to edit. Many patients, it is true, have been transferred that contributed regularly. From the men remaining isn't there a group of representatives that will take and make it the best page of the paper? Photographs, stories, jokes with a snap, everything which goes to make up a creditable page should be in by Monday noon.

—Ed.

★ ★

Guess it's true the finest place is the land somewhere else. The President is at last having his itch satisfied by being on his way—and we're aching to get home.

★ ★

They've loaned the Government \$6,000,000,000 and they're raising \$35,000,000 to amuse the soldiers, and the war is going to cost \$200,000,000,000 before they ring the curtain down. We hope they're satisfied, but with millions and billions falling about, they've taken away all the thrill that used to be attendant on opening our pay envelopes.

—F.F.V.

★ ★

Being in the South has its return—I noticed eight out of ten supposedly blue jacketed lads unloading five tons of coal in their undershirts yesterday. And here it is December 15th.

★ ★

A soldier who had been unable to change his socks for several days felt that a blister was coming on one of his toes. On removing the sock he found a little roll of paper which had been irritating his toe. On it was written, "God bless your poor tired feet!"

★ ★

We enjoy having the Colonel inspect our Wards, but the Mess Hall, its food and dishes, need his attention far more.

★ ★

Just because Judge Black does not hold any meetings for the Court of Honor, is no reason why he is out of politics; he still has the "ward-men" coming to his office.

Guard: Who goes there?
Voice: French Soldier.
Guard: Pass French Soldier.
Guard: Who Goes there?
Voice: English Soldier.
Guard: Pass English Soldier.
Guard: Who Goes there?
Voice: Who in Hell wants to know?
Guard: Pass American soldier.

W. C. K.

★ ★

Beef, beef, bully beef,
Tough as Hell—sticks to our teeth,
When it hits the plate it cracks,
Sure it must 'a come from the camel's back.

W. R.

★ ★

OTEEEN'S TEN NEW COMMANDMENTS

Decent habits
Better food,
Plenty of sleep
Breathing fresh air
Warm clothing
Systematic exercise
Water—outside and in.
Right thinking
Work a bit
Can the worrying.

STEVE.

★ ★

THERE OUGHT TO BE

Whenever I sit and listen attentatively
To what she has to say;
See her eyes glimmer and her cheeks
afame
In the sunny rays, respectively;
Then I feel there ought to be
A place like beautiful Oteen,
Where our sister too could be a heroine.
And help us fight valiantly;
The Plague:
Humanity's greatest enemy.

M. S.

★ ★

I left my dad his farm to plow,
Because my calf became his cow;
I left my dad, 'twas wrong of course,
Because my colt became his horse.

—K.A.S.

★ ★

It seems the more they take out of a non-com's pay, the more equipment he has to buy.

New York is going to its old form. Doc Garfield has pulled down the ban on the night lights on Broadway. Now if they'll lift the restriction and let us wend our way back "hum," the setting will be complete, and as it used to wuz—fore the war.

★ ★

One of the patients had died. The chaplain arrived too late to comfort his last moments, but found an orderly guarding the body.

"So poor Isom Laws is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once more and soothed his dying moments. Why didn't you call me sooner?"

Orderly—"I did not think you ought to be bothered for Laws, so I just soothed him myself the best I could."

Chaplain—"Why, what did you say to him?"

Orderly—"You are mortal bad," says I. "I am?" says he.

"Laws," says I, "I don't think you'll get better."

"No," says he.

"Laws," says I, "you're slipping fast."

"So," says he.

"Laws," says I, "I don't think you will go to heaven."

"I don't think I will," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "I think you'll go to the other place."

"I suppose so," says he.

"Laws," says I, "you ought to be very grateful as there's a place provided for you, and that you've somewhere to go."

"And I think he heard, sir, and then he died."

—S.L.P.

★ ★

The reams and reams of rotten rhymes,
And, oh, say! what terrible times
For the editors of this day.
Rhymes of love and the rhymes of war,
All kinds of rhymes from near and far,
But the poor, tired man,
He says he just can't understand
What any of them mean to say.
The poor, harrassed editor man,
He's doing the best he can—damn!

THE VOLUNTEER

Why Didn't I wait to be Drafted
And be lead to the train by a band,
And put in a claim for exemption—
Oh, why did I hold up my hand?
Why Didn't I Wait for a banquet?
Why didn't I wait to be cheered?
For the drafted men get all the credit,
While I merely Volunteered.

And nobody gave me a banquet.
And nobody said a kind word.
The grind of the wheels of the engine
Was all the Good-bye I heard,
Then off to the camp I was hustled,
To be trained for the next half a year
And then in the shuffle forgotten
I was only a volunteer.

And maybe some day in the future,
When my little boy sits on my knee
And asks what I did in the conflict,
And his little eyes look up to me,
I will have to look back while I'm blushing
To the eyes that so trustingly peer,
And tell him I missed being drafted
I was only a volunteer.

★ ★

DO'S AND DONT'S FOR SOLDIERS
ON SALUTING

With apologies to Brainless Bates, A.B.
C., D.E.F., G.H.I.

Never salute an officer unless you have a
cigar, cigarette or pipe in mouth.

When saluting, be sure to stand on one
leg with heels apart.

Never look at the officer whom you are
saluting.

Always have your hat on the back of
your head when you salute.

Always stand at "attention" in a clumsy
sort of apologetic manner.

Strive to improve on the Army Manual,
some day when an officer passes, salute him
with both hands, it will be a novelty to him
and he may commend you.

Always walk with shoulders drooping
and head bent nonchalantly.

Do not salute at six paces, salute at one
or two paces.

Never correct a junior who makes an
error in saluting in your presence.

If a member of a group of soldiers and
an officer is observed approaching, never
call attention, you may scare him.

★ ★

Conners—"Say, Rivers, when is an en-
listed man not an enlisted man?"

Rivers—"Shoot! I'll fall."

Conners—"When he's a non-com at Gen.
Hospital 19."

MY NURSE

(Respectfully dedicated to all the nurses
"on the hill.")

Who makes me close my mouth to cough?
My nurse.

Who makes me wash the wood-work off?
My nurse.

Who makes me brush off all the walls?
Who makes the bell clang in the halls?
Who rules and gives small boys the squalls?
My nurse.

Who makes me pick up all the sticks?
My nurse.

Who makes me gather broken bricks?
My nurse.

And as she, neatly, "gets my goat,"
And seems, each mortal time, to gloat,
Who rams the "temp. stick" down my throat?
My nurse.

Who "bawls me out," three times, each
week?

My nurse.

Who forces me the bed to seek?
My nurse.

When headache makes me fairly roil
And sundry ills cause me to boil,
Who fills me up with castor-oil?
My nurse.

Who comforts me, when really ill?
My nurse.

Who has a place none else can fill?
My nurse.

And, when her work on earth is done,
And she has come into her own,
Who will be found next to the throne?
My nurse.

★ ★

THRU YOUR WINDOW

The lacy caps,
The ermine wraps
The mountains wear
Over their
Blue dresses
The caresses
Of a fairy sprite
All grey and white
That clings,
And swings,
Ever bending,
Never ending.
The dainty crowds
Of downey clouds—
The come and go
Of a beauty show.

★ ★

Private English, of I-3, formerly of E-1,
wears a Sharpshooter's Badge. He won it
on a biscuit range.



Who has the cleanest yard?

I-3?

Who has the cleanest ward?

I-3??

Who has the cleanest patients?

I-3???

Who has the best doctor in the land?

I-3????

Who has the best looking nurses?

I-3?????

Who has the best head nurse?

I-3??????

Who thinks so?

We do!!!!

★ ★

On Monday morning after the snow,
Private Turner of I-3 remarked that "Dis
aint no cold wether; at my home it gits so
cold dat dey haf to take a crow bar to pry
the Sun up."

★ ★

"WHY BLAME THE CHILD?"

Private Douglas, while visiting in Ashe-
ville, happened to be standing on a corner
near an organ grinder. A small boy proud-
ly walked over to Douglas and handed him
a penny. Douglas asked the child, "What
dat was fo'?" The child replied, "Mamma
told me to give the monkey a penny."

★ ★

Doctor—"Well, how about your ancestors,
Robinson?"

Robinson—"Suh, Cap'en, I ain't neber
had any ob dem dings."

★ ★

"IMPORTANT"

Infantry Drill Regulations, from Para-
graphs 758 to 765, inclusive, should be
read by enlisted men of this camp. Read
it! Absorb it!

★ ★

Pvt. Ellis Mills has donated \$91.00 to
the Government. He doesn't need the
money.

★ ★

Patient—"Dey tells me dat dey am gwine
to fotch de Kaisuh to Newport News."

Shaver—"Serves him right."

★ ★

A certain soldier from the "Pill Battery"
has taken a great liking to Banjo picking.
He is a frequent visitor to one of the colored
wards. "Yes, sir! I-I-I-jis wanted to hear
Jones pick the banjo."



NEW ARRIVALS

Second Lieutenant

Guard, Clifford E., 154th D.B.
Walker, Paul E., Fourth Inf.
Morrissey, John F., A. S.

★ ★

Leaves have been granted to the following named officers:

Lieutenant

Benoit, Henri A.
Charbonnet, Pierre
Herrod, Harry
Small, Raymond E.
Smith, Charles L.
Walker, Charles E.

★ ★

We wish to tender our most hearty thanks to Miss Teresa Chapman, of Asheville, for the many kindnesses that she has shown us. She has proven herself to be a sure-enough Fairy Godmother, by furnishing dainties to the "shut-ins," smokes for all, and delightful auto rides for many.

★ ★

Redwood thinks "Oh, Captain!" is a better title for his K.C.B. stuff, but we don't want to hurt the dear motherly old soul's feelings.

★ ★

Ever notice that the woman who is exceptionally fast is usually somewhat late?

★ ★

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

—In Tennessee a male must be fourteen years old to marry without his parents' consent?

—The new Siamese Minister of the Interior is Choa Phya Furasaha Visithsakdi?

—The price of opium has increased from \$4.60 a pound in 1910 to \$30.00 a pound in 1917?

—On February 25th there was a full moon?

—Eva Tanguay's real name is Mrs. John Ford?

—The average death age of a plumber is 39.8?

—The motto of the Cremation Association of America is "Ashes to Ashes?"

RETREAT

The other night

* * *

At five o'clock

* * *

They played retreat

* * *

And one man there,

* * *

Though not in ranks,

* * *

Did "Parade, Rest."

* * *

I've heard it said

* * *

That any man

* * *

Should, when he can,

* * *

Put forth his best.

* * *

Perhaps that's why

* * *

The one I mean

* * *

Put his right foot

* * *

Out to the front

* * *

Instead of back,

* * *

Or it may be

* * *

That he just wished

* * *

To set the style.

* * *

I do not know.

* * *

I Thank You.

★ ★

THE APERIENT SPRING

Sir: They were discussing some of the luminaries of antiquity, when the wife asked: "Who was the old philosopher who wrote the Republic; wasn't it Pluto?" "Yes," guessed brother husband, either Pluto or Apolinaris."

BILL "STANDS GARD"

My dere Maude:

I've bin handed a nu job. I'm a gard. I got to stand gard every nite. Walkin gard is a better way of sayin it. My post is in the wuds and believe me Maude at nite it's mighty lonesome. I think they put me on that job cause they nos I wasn't afraid of nothin. Yer got ter be brave ter be a gard cause all they give yer is a club. When yer sees someone comin yer got ter stop him by sayin halt. Now supposin he dont stop, maybe commences runnin away from yer. That's where the club comes in I suppose. Maybe yer supposed ter thro at him. They ought ter give us two clubs, cause perhaps yer wont hit him the first time. You got ter be careful that yer aint caught loafin. The Offiser of the Day aint satisfied with workin when hes supposed ter, but comes prowlin around lookin fer trouble at night. Kin yer imagine a nut like that. Just as if when they put me on a day shift I'd go out at nite. I wish they'd let me gard the pashunts gard house, thats lots of fun. They got a good bunch of prisoners in there what have a dandy time; they sing and tell stories and crack jokes and play cards and do you no they made up a society and they promised each other they wudn't do nothin what wud keep them out of the gard house. And the membership is limited cause there are only got thirty beds. They're receivin reservations now fer New Years Eve.

This here camp is gettin ter be a regeler sized place. The other nite 176 nu men sneaked in on us without any one noin a thing about it. Now we got near as many men as pashunts. We aint got rum ter bunk so many, so sum of 'em were put in the Red Cross Buildin. So yer see they finally put that building ter some good use.

Thanks Maude for the neck-tie what yer sent me fer my birthday. The Lootenant sed that yellor and red wasn't becomin in the army so I swapped it with the bus driver for a coupler rides to town. So yer see Maude, yer saved me maybe sixty cents.

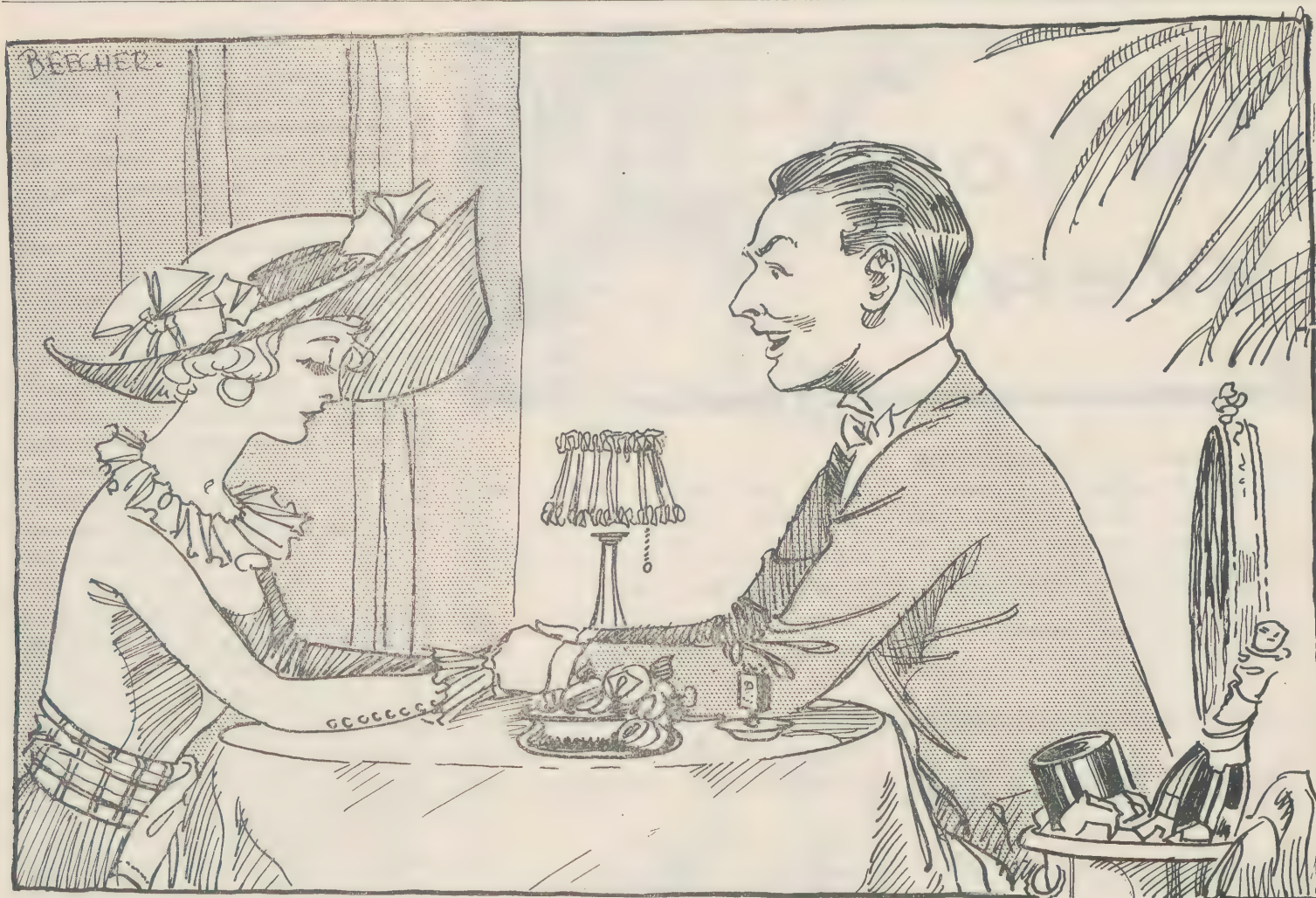
Your fond acquaintance,

BILL.

THE EXPLANATION

"My! What a destructive dog you have, sonny! He must have German blood in him."

"No, he hasn't; but he would have if he could find a German."



“AS YOU WERE” SERIES—No. 2

A DICTIONARY OF MILITARY PRONUNCIATION

By observing the methods of pronouncing commands laid down here, one may readily become almost as unintelligible as most the military graduates of Plattsburg. Experience in the New York subway is invaluable.

COMMAND	PRONOUNCED
Squads right	Squaw—grighk!!
Squads left	Haw!—wefflgk!!
Left turn	Gweldj!—burnph!
On right into line....	Punsk ri injonk wine!!
Forward march....	Grownkdw?—mhhurk!!!
To the rear march.....	To huh heuh—hark!
Company halt	Klumfunty—squalt!

★ ★

MESS KITS GO

The old kits are gone. We now have enameled plates, cups and saucers. A man comes in like a gentleman, picks his dishes up, has his mess shot to him like a gentleman—and when his chow is stowed away—hands his dishes to the professional dish-washer (automatic) and goes to his smoke or his detail with his hands unwashed, as in the old days.

THE RETURN

After a long weary time,
Lonely as time might be,
Back from that foreign clime,
Back came my boy to me.

Maimed? Crippled? No, not he;
Yet could I note a lack.
One glance, and I could see
That all my boy came back.

Gone was his vain conceit,
Missing, his idle ways;
Missing, that air effete,
Missing, his love of praise.

Gone was his pert address;
Gone his impetuous haste;
Gone was his selfishness;
Gone his impulse to waste.

Wise from the lessons learned,
Aged by the risks he ran;
Rich from experience earned,
My boy came back—a Man!

CAROLYN WELLS.

WONDER WHAT HE WANTED

Imagine a crowded street car in the Asheville square during the early morning rush. Under the kindly noise of rattling trucks and clanging bells, Jimmy and his Jane carry on an animated conversation:—

“Wherejugo lass night?”

“I seen that Caruso guy in a swell play. Bill cum overn picked me upp in the lizzie.”

“Heeza live one, ainty?”

“I’ll say so.”

“Goan out t’night?”

“Nope.”

“Kin I cum over?”

“Wuffor?”

“Got sumpin t’ast yuh.”

“Ast me now.”

“Can’t.”

“Why?”

“Gotta gittoff nexttop—kin I cum?”

“Awri Ate a clock.”

“Ya! S’long.”

“Gubb by!”

Jimmy pushes the button and goes to the end of the car. As it comes to a stop a motorcycle flashes by and Jimmy gets off in a cloud of dust.

'As You WERE.

B

"Did you follow my prescription" asked the Doctor as he entered the sick room.

"No, I didn't," replied the grouty old man. "If I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the window."

★ ★

"Don't you love pure blondes?"

"I never saw one that was."

★ ★

"I see that Smith has gone into real estate."

"Yes, poor fellow, we buried him last week."

★ ★

Officer—"When does a man not salute spoken to by an officer?"

Buck—"When spoken to over the telephone, sir."

★ ★

AFTER THE INOCULATION

She—"Do you think that you can get around tonight?"

He—"Sorry, but my arm is too sore."

★ ★

Hero—"Dearest, will you love me always?"

She—"Sweetest, I have loved you all the ways I know how."

★ ★

"I'm worried about my complexion, Doctor. Look at my face."

"You'll have to diet."

"I never thought of that. What color would suit me best, do you think?"

★ ★

How did so many of the men who are in training camps happen to get influenza? We give up. Because they were in the draft.

Little Jack Smith's Sunday School teacher, after a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira, asked, "Why is not everybody who tells a lie struck dead?"

Little Jack answered gravely, "'Cause there wouldn't be anybody left."

—*Boston Transcript.*

★ ★

"Bobby," said the minister to a little fellow aged six, "I hear you are going to school now."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"What part of it do you like best?"

"Comin' home," was the prompt answer.

★ ★

Husband (the father of six daughters)—"There's a gentleman in the drawing-room who wants to marry one of our daughters. He is a wine merchant."

Wife—"A wine merchant? Thank goodness! Then he will be sure to select one of the older brands."

★ ★

"I think he wants to marry me."

"Has he said so?"

"Not in so many words. But he's begun agreeing with father's political views."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

★ ★

"Your money or your life," said the highwayman.

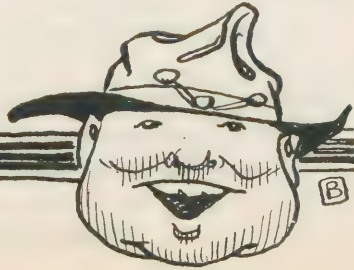
"Mister," said the facetious victim, "You've got the wrong slogan. What you ought to say is 'work or fight.'"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"BUS GOSSIP"

I 'spect she's due yere in sixteen minutes," slowly drawled the Baron to my inquiry, his countenance and precision impressing me with the thought that an event of unusual importance and solemnity was impending. Further conversation however and my personal experience a little later, convinced me that the frequent arrival of the "Asheville Bus" created no excitement or unusual interest. There is nothing "half-way" in Oteen. On one hand we have the severe, sharp cold of the night, and on the other, the ideal sunshine and warmth of the day. Again, we hear the sweet melody of the song-birds, while on the other hand we have the distressful, painful efforts of Sontag and his bugle; and once again, we have the "Barney Oldfield" bus to town while on the other hand we have the Baron and his funeral gait of speech, which always reminds me of the first time the Baron heard "Taps" and thought it was a fox-trot. "Did you all go to the K. of C. dance t'other night?" he inquired of me as I placed my size 11 field shoes up against the pie-case. "Reckon I did," I ventured, trying to make a noise like a "hookworm." "And," he continued with a gesture of reverence, "did you all see Sgt. Radford's wife? Haint she the beauty tho Ah, Ye Gods!" he sighed, as he rolled his orbits to the leaky ceiling, "I'd be mighty glad to marry a girl like her—yes, even if I had to look like him." Just then, Corp. Gilligan entered and purchased a package of cigarettes for which he laid down a perfectly innocent looking half-dollar, received thirty-five cents in change, smiled and walked out. "There's a corkin' fine feller," remarked the Baron, after Gilligan's exit, "but not half as smart as he looks," he added. "T'other night I sold him a lead half-dollar I couldn't get rid of and he gave me two bits for it." "The boys tell me that you are a 'half-breed,' Baron," I offered as a return ticket to earth. "Half-breed, nuthin," he blurted. "I was born in the State of Montana, was raised on a ranch and hain't got no breedin' at all." Just then a thundering noise reached my ears, reminding me of a steam-roller fighting its way over cobblestones; it was the "Asheville Bus," so I rose to bid the Baron "good-night" and noticed that he was closely scrutinizing something he had taken from the cash-drawer. "Say," he shouted, as I started for the bus, "if you all see Gilligan, tell him that some damn fool left another one of those lead half-dollars and I'll sell it to him for two bits."

—A.R.G.



MUSIC

This week has presented two opportunities for some of our own talent to help us with the little ward concerts, which are eagerly looked forward to in all of the wards and which are giving a great deal of pleasure to all who hear them. On Dec. 4th Miss Whetmore brought Miss Dorothy Atkinson to us once more. Jones and Bishop, I-3, with banjo and guitar, and Morant, E-9, with some of his fancy clog steps, did themselves proud. On Dec. 7th Mrs. Wm. R. Griffin, Asheville, with some delightful songs, and Montre, W-3, and Cahill, W-1, in the role of Charlie Chaplin, and his manager were with us. The talent that Miss Whetmore brings from outside is highly appreciated.

We want in the near future to have more of our own talent in the foreground. If you boys have any talent, musical or otherwise, who are well enough to be out in your uniforms in some of the ambulatory wards only knew what pleasure it gives to those who cannot get out, to have you come in, we are sure we would never lack for entertainment.

Corp. Aanstead has been detailed to help with our musical organizations and when he comes around be on the lookout for him. A Jazz Band is to start in E-9, E-9, E-10 and I-3 will be counted in too. An orchestra and a mandolin, guitar and banjo club are to be formed of the detachment men. The band instruments have already begun to arrive. The American Red Cross has most generously donated these and now it is up to us to show our appreciation of them by putting them to good use.

We are all here at G. H. No. 19, many of us to recover lost health, and the rest to do the work assigned to us in the greatest cause known to mankind. Our Detachment is now six hundred strong and every man in it, down deep in his heart, knows that he is going to stick as long as Uncle Sam needs him and he can do his bit. Our musical organizations are going to help more than any other one thing to make our stay here a pleasant and happy one. We are going to have dances and entertainments and our own music is going to give life and pep to all of them. We have a splendid Red Cross Building, the K. of C. Building is already opened and the "Y" is fast nearing completion. Will we make the most of our opportunities and talent, just watch us.

★ ★

Pity the poor guys who have to listen to Bill's troubles.

WE specialize in handling uniforms — and make them like new. Our service is efficient and prompt. A card will secure our best attention.

ASHEVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY
ASHEVILLE, N. C.



Men's Army Shoes

AND

NURSES' SHOES

THAT FIT BIG AND LOOK LITTLE

Nichols' Shoe Co.

On the Square

Asheville

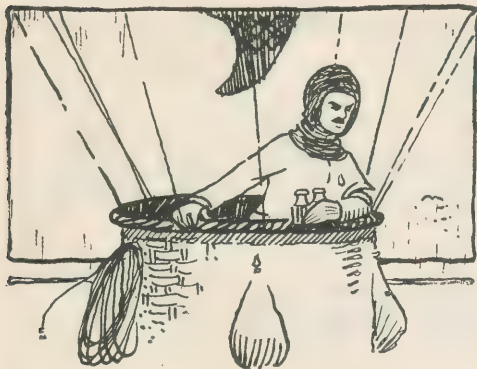
North Carolina

The House of Gifts

It's merely a simple message that we would send the folks who people the busy City of Healing, and short: we will supply you with inexpensive gifts just as happily as we will the more elaborate and costly kind. And in both the one case and the other, we shall hope to make you a friend of the House that Henderson Built

HENDERSON,
52 Patton Avenue

Your Jeweler
Near Postoffice



Following the first observations in last week's issue, we were asked by several of our readers the real purpose of our remarks. Were ours to be humorous quibs? If so they had fallen far below their mark. Perhaps they were discussions on current or local topics. If that were true our place should be on the editorial page.

Let us make ourselves clear. Ours are simply 'Observations' such as any of us can observe if we were to take the trouble to 'look about.' Our comments are only those the occasion may demand.

★ ★

Our Detachment now numbers seven hundred men. That means seven hundred men who must be fed three times daily. And though it may sound strange, these seven hundred men go to mess all at one time, stand on one line in single file and are served at one time. Picture that line as it winds around the Mess Hall and the wait that Private 699 must have before he is served.

There are less than seven hundred patients who eat at the patient's mess. Using the mid-day meal as an example we find that some eat at 11:30, some at 12:00, and some at 12:30. There is no long serpentine line, nor forty minute wait. These two messes are under one management. Can we suggest some system.

★ ★

We can remember when Oteen was nothing but a cornfield fringed by fairly dense woods. Viewed from a distant vantage point, it assumes the appearance of "Spotless Town" of advertisement fame.

Too bad that impression is not retained upon closer inspection. True the grounds are well policed. The boys have handled their end of the job well. We refer to the eye-sores which lie strewn about the camp "vestibule." The construction materials which still mar the Camp's approach. Discarded planks, sawbucks, barrels, paint-pots, etc. They serve no apparent purpose, and certainly take from the appearance of our Camp.

The Observer

Lieutenant Hooker:
My hat goes off to
That Midnight to Six
Crew of yours who
Haul coal from the Azalea Station
And those who keep
The boilers stuffed up
To keep the blood cir-
culating in the 3000
Bodies throughout the camp.
They haul and shovel and
Sing to beat Hell all
Night long, oftentimes waking me
From my snug repose,
But they're my conception
Of real soldiers—they
Do their stint unrewarded,
Yet happily—and their
Streaked faced smiling
And dirty overalls impress
Me deeply as they
Steam out of the boiler
House at six-thirty a.m.
Their names are
Cheeney
Rooney
Blixt
Kruger
Dahl
Newland
And others.
I thank you.

★ ★

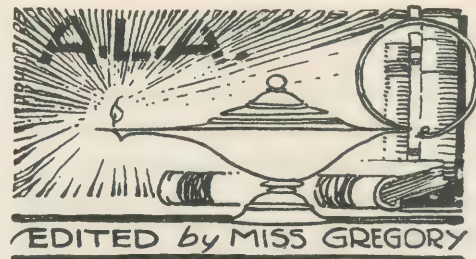
"SERVICE"

Service is the greatest word in our language today and that is what the Nation needs at this present hour. Just because the fighting is over it is no reason why we should stop working toward the Chief Aim of this Institution. It should be our sincere purpose to serve faithfully and well those of our Nation that are placed in our care. It is our duty to work just as faithful for those placed in our care as we can, remembering all the time we are rendering to those that stood between the Hellish Hun and our Homes, our Loved Ones, and Ourselves. If we have a high regard for duty we can sense we owe everything to the defenders of this fair country and it should be a pleasure to serve them. So let us all work together to restore to health and strength all of these men to the limit of our power.

★ ★

NEW BOOKS FOR OFFICERS

"The Art of Handling Men" is a new book just published, and comes recommended to every young officer in the Army at Azalea. Written by Prof. I. Scratch, with twenty years experience at Fleichman's Turkish Baths, New York City.



It is a recognized fact that the books men enjoy in their leisure hours are those dealing with scenes and situations foreign to their own experiences. The office man revels in cowboy adventures, the farmer is held spellbound by books of Wall Street Finance, the sailor reads of the daring exploits of fire fighters, while the fireman chooses tales of the sea.

Books about the war seem to be the exception which proves the rule, for not only the men from "Over There," who know at first hand many of the details of the actual fighting line; but also those who have been in training to go, are eager for information on all phases of the Great War.

Books of personal experiences picked at random from the library shelves include many well known titles. The diary of *Private Peat*, of the Third Battalion, First Canadian Contingent; *Dawson's "Carry On,"* and *Empey's "Over the Top,"* give excellent pictures of camp and trench life. "*Outwitting the Hun*" is an account of the escape of Lieutenant O'Brien, of the Royal Flying Corps, from a German prison camp. Ian Hay, the author of the "*First Hundred Thousand*," has dedicated "*All In It*," "*K (1) Carries On*," to all second lieutenants, its interest, however, not being restricted to those individuals so designated. "*With the Allies*," by Richard Harding Davis, has a two-fold charm, in that it combines the keen judgement of a successful war correspondent, and the dramatic skill of a seasoned novelist.

"*My Home in the Field of Honor*" is a most interesting account of life in France immediately before and during the first years of war. The author, Madam Huard, whose home was on the historic Marne an hour from Paris, tells in detail of relief work behind the lines.

"*Mademoiselle Miss*" is the title given a group of letters written by an American girl serving with the rank of Lieutenant in a French Army Hospital at the front. Her impressions written "while the instruments are boiling in the sterilizer" are typical of those experienced by many Red Cross nurses, and show again the invaluable skill and unselfish sacrifice which has made a bright spot in the great gloom of suffering.



INTERVIEWS WITH AZALEA'S PROMINENT PEOPLE

III. LUKE MCGLUKE, HERO OF THE MARNE

Q.—McGlue, having heard so much about you I have been assigned by my paper to obtain your story of the great war as well as an account of your personal experiences.

A.—Sure, what else do yer want.

Q.—Supposing you commence by telling me in what battles you fought.

A.—I ain't much of a hand at remem-berin any of these furrin names.

Q.—You must remember some?

A.—Well, there wuz the Marne, the Somme, Bull Run, Flanders, Verdun, Valley Forge, and a coupler more.

Q.—What was the worst fight you fought in?

A.—In Hoboken where I kicked three Micks out of a Dootch saloon.

Q.—We hear of the Hun atrocities, which one do you consider the worst?

A.—Mustache Gas.

Q.—You mean Mustard Gas?

A.—Maybe I do.

Q.—How did you win all your decorations?

A.—Everything I got in this army I got fightin.

Q.—That is strange I can hardly believe that.

A.—See them shoes, I had to fight Mike Finnerty for 'em. I had to lick another guy for the hat and—

Q.—I don't mean your equipment, I refer to your medals and decorations, where did you win them?

A.—Yer oughter see the French Girls Mister, they're slick.

Q.—So I hear, but getting back to your medals, where were they won?

A.—At Bordeaux.

Q.—But there wasn't any battle at Bordeaux.

A.—Sure not, I won 'em shootin crap.

Q.—Now, McGlue tell me some of your experiences.

A.—It wuz in the thick of the battle. Men were fallin all around me. I wuz workin my machine gun fur all it wuz worth, runnin off a hundred a twinty a minute.

Q.—So you were in a machine gun company?

A.—No Sir, I wuz a field clerk.

★ ★

Wild and disheveled, watery of eye, and trembling of limb, he burst into the dentist's consulting-room, and addressed the molar merchant in gasping tones:

"Do you give gas here?"

"Yes," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a man to sleep?"

"Of course."

"Nothing would wake him?"

"Nothin. But—"

"Wait a bit; you could break his jaw or black his eye without him feeling it?"

"My dear sir, of course, —"

"It lasts about half a minute, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

With a wild whoop of joy and relief the excited man threw off his coat and waist-coat.

"Now," he yelled, as he tugged at his shirt, "get yer gas-engine ready. I want you to pull a porus-plaster off my back."

Tit-Bits.

★ ★

Chaplain Cyrus C. Prentice, New York City, reported here for duty last Thursday. This is the Chaplain's first military assignment.

★ ★

NO RUSTLERS

"Every man should have the right to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"Some men ain't satisfied with the pursuit of happiness," declared Uncle Partridge.

"Huh?"

"They want it brung."

ON THE TIP TOP



HAPPY RECONSTRUCTIONISTS
BUCHER, POLACHEK, GOODWIN
AND GOERSS

DISCHARGE AND ARRIVALS

Under ruling from the War Department the following commissioned officers are honorably discharged from duty at Gen. Hosp. No. 19.. Captains Elliott, Hale, McPherson, and Graham; Lieutenants Kunitz, Brown, Cohen and Pillsbury. The good wishes of every member of the Camp goes with them.

Two "SCD" discharges were issued to Detachment men last week—the two fortunate being Pvt. Arthur Graf, and Pvt. 1st Class Herbert Lowenthal. Graf left for his home in Fond DuLac, Wisc., and Lowenthal is returning to New York City. The latter was one of the Original 43 men to report for duty at this post.

★ ★

A consignment of 177 men, Detachment Medical Department, from Camp Green arrived in the wee hours Saturday morning last for permanent duty at this camp. Through the kindness of the Red Cross they were given sleeping quarters in the main room of the Red Cross Building. These men go toward filling up the enlisted personnel of the Detachment, and will immediately be assigned to the different details throughout the camp—which have lacked for sufficient men since the opening of the Camp. It is reported that seventy-seven men are en route from another post to be assigned to the Utilities Branch at Oteen.

At the Post Exchange You Get
"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

"The Ice Cream Supreme"



**CAROLINA
 CREAMERY
 COMPANY**

Superior Milk Products

Paramount
DRUG CO.

PRESCRIPTIONS filled promptly and compounded of the purest, freshest drugs. Three competent registered pharmacists.

SICK ROOM SUPPLIES, including a large stock of Rubber Goods of the best makes.

LUNCHEONETTE DEPARTMENT, where you will find palatable soups, sandwiches, etc.

FOUNTAIN DRINKS, the best and most appetizing in the city.

MUSIC by Pappalardo's three-piece Orchestra each afternoon from 4 to 6.

43 PATTON AVENUE

J. S. CLAVERIE, Manager

ALL THE **Coca-Cola** AND SODAS

SOLD AT THIS POST
 ARE SUPPLIED BY

COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Every Bottle is Sterilized and Inspected

Twists From Our Contemporaries

WHY THE EDITOR LEFT TOWN

Hardy Claycomb is confined to his home with the Spanish influenza. Miss Minnie Luft is also confined to his bed with the epidemic."—*The Monmouth (Ill.) Atlas*.

Headline in a small Indiana paper reads: "Wanted—Girl for bellboy at the St. James Hotel."

But then—perhaps it is a matrimonial ad.—*Exchange*.

THE TEXAS IDEA

Hungary is now a republic, which means that just as soon as things can be straightened out there will be another large batch of postoffices in the peaceful possession of Democrats.—*The Houston Post*.

Since Victor Berger, Socialist Congressman-elect from Milwaukee, is reported under indictment on charges involving violation of the espionage law, it appears just a little uncertain whether he will go to Congress or to jail.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

Ohio is reported to have gone dry. We can tell Ohio that a boozeless state isn't half bad after you get used to it.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

Gone from the United States Senate—the pink whiskers of Jimham Lewis, the best press agented troupe of whiskers in politics.

—*The Los Angeles Times*.

An ad. in The Nashville Tennessean read as follows:

"Lost—Horse and buggy, with flax tail and mane, one-eyed, three white feet, blaze face."

This—

"While sleeping soundly last night a burglar entered the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Wood, who reside on a farm a mile out of Whitehall on the Poultney Road, and succeeded in taking \$275.00 out of the trousers pocket of Mr. Wood which were hanging over the back of a chair."

—is taken from "The (Glens Falls, N. Y.) Times." It is self-explanatory. In one sense, that is.

If you are too moved thereby to think of a pertinent comment you might suggest that the burglar had his sleepy-head with him that time.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Bareback

Dear Beat: Do you think a woman means what she says. INDOUT.

Indout: Yes and no.

— ★ —

Beatrice Bareback: Can a woman make up her own mind? IRA SPONSIBLE.

Ira: No, but she can make up her face and any man's mind.

— ★ —

Dear Miss Barback. I am naturally friendly, but there is something about me which fails to attract. What can I do? I am enclosing my picture.

VERA ROCKYMUG.

Miss Rockymug: After examining your picture, I suggest that in order to increase your charm, you endeavor to get shot in the face.

— ★ —

Dear Beatrice: My wife bought me a box of Christmas cigars. Can you tell me how I can avoid smoking them without injuring her feelings? HOWARD HURTS.

Hurts: Swear off smoking or put the ashes in the soup.

— ★ —

Miss Bareback: I have peculiar shooting pains in the head and my feet are rather unsteady at times.

• MILL WALKEE.

Walkee: Move to a dry town.

— ★ —

My Dear Miss Bareback: Why is an onion? DIZZY.

Dizzy: Because the flatter the plate the fewer the soup.

★ ★

DISCHARGED SOLDIERS TO WEAR UNIFORMS

The privilege is now accorded by the War Department to any honorably discharged soldier from the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, Regulars or Volunteers to wear his uniform for a period of three months after his transfer into inactive service. The ruling comes in part to lighten the pressure which will be put upon civilian clothing fabric mills and factories. The sooner, however, the young men of the Nation get back into their former occupations, and discard their uniforms, the nearer will be the communities to getting back to normal conditions.

★ ★

FLOWERS SOME OF THE BOYS LIKE

O'Connor likes Roses, Laning does too; Flynn's choice is Lilies, moistened with dew, Pansies and Violets are loved by a few, But of all the flowers that were ever raised, Joe Downie a Geranium will forever praise.

CITIZENS TRANSFER and COAL COMPANY

PATTON AVENUE AND
GOVERNMENT STREET

Telephones 24 and 25

Day Phone 1041 Night Phone 2361

E. J. GRISET New 7-Passenger Reo "6" For Hire

"To Parties Who Care"



Special Attention Given to Soldiers

THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.

DRUGGISTS

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Your Portrait

for the Holidays

will delight the home folks and
preserve the memory of your
patriotic service. Make the
appointment today. Phone 775

The Pelton Studio

Next to Princess Theatre

*Special proposition to Soldiers. If
you contemplate purchasing
a car, see us.*

Overland-Asheville Sales Co.

Phone 2967

12-16 E. Walnut St.

The Candy Kitchen

HAYWOOD STREET
ASHEVILLE

A Wide Variety of Christmas Gift Packages

HOME-MADE CANDIES OUR SPECIALTY

Christmas Cards, Books, Stationery

You'll want to send cards to friends and dear ones—we have them from a cent up to 50 cents and even more—beautiful and expressive.

Many thousands of books by prominent authors, and especially beautiful Christmas Books—you can best express your real sentiments through Books properly selected. From 65 cents each up.

Waterman's Fountain Pens are always acceptable, \$2.50 up. They write right ALWAYS, a pen to fit every hand, every pocket, and every pocketbook. Lots of other things here, too, that will prove suitable for gift purposes.

Rogers' Book Store

39 Patton Avenue

Telephone 254

ASHEVILLE BOOTERY CO., INC.

*Dealers in Exclusive
Shoes and Hosiery*

We Specialize in Quality, Style
and Moderate Prices

47 PATTON AVE., ASHEVILLE

KNOW YOUR BARBER

and the Palace Barber Shop is your barber. It is your barber because all work is done satisfactorily and by the most sanitary methods.

PALACE BARBER SHOP

TELEPHONE 3221

37 PATTON AVENUE

MAY THERE BE MORE OF THEM

With the purpose in mind of bettering each mess individually and all messes collectively, Lt. Rector has instituted "get-together meetings" for the mess personnel of this Hospital. These meetings are divided into two classes, meetings every day for one hour for the mess sergeants and meetings every Friday night at which the entire mess department is present. At these meetings the progress of the messes for the previous week is discussed; methods of improving the messes, of lessening the work on the individual, etc., are debated.

A feature of these Friday night assemblies are the addresses given by experts outside of the department. A week ago, Friday night, the men listened to an exceedingly interesting and profitable talk on Sanitation by Capt. Hays, the Sanitary Officer.

Last night the Department was highly honored by a talk by Colonel Hoagland. The Colonel told the men that G. H. 19 would not be the "Show Place in America" if it weren't for the help they have given him. He emphasized the fact that their work, while hard and at times disagreeable, was a most important one, for the feeding of an institution of this size is a man-sized job and one which requires brains and brawn.

The success of these meetings can be seen in the steady progressive improvement which is being made every week at all messes.

★ ★

TOO EXPENSIVE

A colored recruit said he intended to take out the full limit of Government Insurance, \$10,000. On being told by a fellow soldier that he would be foolish to pay on so much when he was likely to be shot in the trenches, he replied, "Huh! I reckon I knows what I's doin'. You-all don't s'pose Uncle Sam is gwine to put a \$10,000 man in the first-line trenches, do you?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

★ ★

Tilly—"What an amount of brass that young man has!"

Billy—"Jewelry, impudence, or money?"

★ ★

HEY, FELLOW!!

The Oteen is looking for more men like Sgt. Hinman. He dropped twenty-one subscriptions into our lap Sunday.

If he can get twenty-one, every fellow here can get at least two.

Do your bit for *your* paper. *Get subscriptions.* One dollar for four months, postpaid.

Better Shoes for Less Money

Is our First Thought. Another Thing: Our Shoes are all Union Made. Try us for your next pair. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$9.00.

TWIFORD'S GUARANTEE SHOE STORE

4 BILTMORE AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

December 23rd, 24th, and 25th—D. W. Griffith's

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

Popular Prices

Children 25 Cents

Adults 50 Cents

Are You in Favor of Giving Useful Gifts?

Then why not drop in and look over the wonderful values in our

Stein-Bloch Smart Suits

We also have an excellent stock of Furnishings and Haberdashery

J. W. NEELY & COMPANY

Walk a Block or Two and Save a Dollar or Two

18 BROADWAY

TELEPHONE 1241

THE AZALEA HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF
ITS FISH FROM

The Asheville Fish Company

What an endorsement for Quality this is!

ESTABLISHED 1884

ESTABLISHED 1884

McCONNELL BROTHERS

*Wholesale Fruits, Vegetables and
Confectioneries*

WE SELL TO EVERY HOSPITAL IN THIS SECTION
ALSO TO EVERY GOVERNMENT CAMP

ISOLATED

I had a girl, I had a car, I had some gasoline.

The girl has made another date—

The gas will soon evaporate—

The car will soon be out of date—

I'm in quarantine!—*Air Scout.*

★ ★

A LITTLE OF BOTH

Aunt Nancy was visiting an army camp, and as she approached, some rookies were sitting on their heels and then rising to a standing position in perfect unison.

"What are the boys doing now?" she asked.

"Why, those are the setting-up exercises," explained an obliging sergeant.

"Humph!" remarked auntie. "Looks to me more like settin' down exercises."

★ ★

INSULT FROM THE BENCH

"Were you ever arrested for speeding before?" asked the judge.

The chauffeur flushed angrily. "What does your honor think I've been doing all these years—pushing a wheelbarrow?"

—*Houston Chronicle.*

Arthur M. Field Company

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

Patton Ave. and
Church St.

Asheville, N. C.

To You:

With fresh realization of what America
means to us all, we extend

*Best Wishes and
Cordial Greetings*

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000.00
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Four Per Cent Interest Allowed on Time Deposits

YOUR FRIENDS WILL APPRECIATE A GOOD PORTRAIT OF YOU
SPECIAL PRICES TO SOLDIERS AND NURSES
APPOINTMENT BY PHONE 1616

Higgason
STUDIO

60½ PATTON AVENUE

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

Attention, Men !

The Post Exchange Barber Shop should
be YOUR barber for three reasons:

1. Every instrument thoroughly sterilized before using.
2. Service excellent.
3. Prices cheaper than in Town.

B. H. HALL, Mgr.

If our services please you, tell others; if not, tell us.

(Continued from page 2)

his skill offered him by the Federal Board he can usually get a better position than he had before entering the service.

That if he fails to take advantage of these opportunities he will find himself badly handicapped when he is obliged to compete with the able-bodied men who come back to work after the war.

That the Federal Board, through its vocational experts, will study his particular disability and advise him as to the proper course to pursue and give him free training for the occupation best suited to him.

That on the satisfactory completion of his training the Federal Board, through its employment service, will assist him to secure a position.

That public authorities and other large employers will in many cases, at least, give the disabled soldiers preference when filling vacant positions, provided they possess the training necessary to fill them.

All disabled soldiers, whether in or out of the hospital, should address their communications either to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, Washington, D. C., or to the district office of the Federal Board of the district in which he is located. The district offices of the board are located at the following points, respectively:

District No. 1: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Office: Room 433, Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

District No. 2: Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. Office: Room 617, 280 Broadway, New York.

District No. 3: Pennsylvania and Delaware. Office: 1000 Penn. Square Building, Philadelphia, Penn.

District No. 4: District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia. Office: 606 F Street N.W., Washington, D. C.

District No. 5: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Tennessee. Office: Candler Building, Atlanta, Ga.

District No. 6: Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. Office: 322 Maison Blanche Annex, New Orleans, La.

District No. 7: Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. Office: 906 Mercantile Library Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

District No. 8: Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin. Office: 1600 The Westminister, 110 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

District No. 9: Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri. Office: 517 Chemical Building, St. Louis, Mo.

District No. 10: Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota. Office: Room 742 Metropolitan Bank Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

District No. 11: Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah. Office: Denver, Colo.

District No. 12: California, Nevada and Arizona. Office: San Francisco, Cal.

District No. 13: Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Office: Seattle, Wash.

DIDN'T HAVE TO WALK BACK

Jack Spurr told us a rather amusing war yarn the other day. It was about a German spy who was captured inside the British lines. The officer summoned a sergeant and said:

"Take this man five miles up the road and shoot him."

The sergeant started off with the condemned spy, it was wretched weather and the road soggy with mud. After walking a mile, the prisoner, who was an officer of rank, said to the sergeant:

"See here, sergeant. I know I'm getting what is coming to me and I'm not kicking. Why not shoot me now and save this long walk?"

"Orders is orders," replied the sergeant.

They kept walking on and on, splashing through the mud.

"Now, sergeant," remonstrated the prisoner, "this is all nonsense. I'm all tuckered out. Let's have the shooting here and be done with it. No use walking five miles in the mud."

The sergeant turned to the other with some show of temper and said:

"You are an officer and know I must obey my orders to the letter and do this five miles. Besides, what in hell do you have to care? You don't have to walk back."—*Varsity*.

POST LAUNDRY NOW OPEN

It will now be possible for every member of the Post, officers, nurses, patients and enlisted men to have their laundry done at the Post Laundry, located at the lower end of the Camp, opposite the Power House. The Laundry is equipped with modern machinery, and every article is thoroughly sterilized in the process of laundering. The rates are to be much lower than Asheville prices. All laundry is to be in not later than Tuesday noon to be finished that week.

Gifts

for

MEN AND WOMEN

*A Good Place to Shop
For Christmas*

Anthony Bros

OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND WOMEN

35 PATTON AVENUE

ORIGINAL



CANDIES PLEASE EVERYBODY

WALKER'S DRUG STORE

SOLE AGENTS

PHONES 183-132

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



OUR STOCK OF XMAS PACKAGES ARE IN. CALL AND SEE US, DON'T FAIL TO SEND YOUR FRIEND A NICE BOX OF CIGARS FOR XMAS, A GIFT EVERY SMOKER ENJOYS AND APPRECIATES.

Barbee-Clark

CIGARS

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS

BROCK & HAGE

PORTRAITS

PORTRAITS IN WATER
COLORS AND SEPIA
MINIATURES ON IVORY
AND PORCELAIN



DAGUERREOTYPES AND
OTHER OLD PICTURES
REPRODUCED, ENLARGED
OR REDUCED

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

PHOTOS PRINTED TO PERFECTION AT THE **THE PICTURE SHOP**

AN UNLIMITED NUMBER OF SPLENDID FRAMES AT YOUR
COMMAND. EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC AT

ROBINSON'S KODAK STORE

JOHN G. ROBINSON, KODAK FINISHER

Phones—102 Store, 1276 Dark Room

THREE HAYWOOD STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Eat Elkhorn Cheese

FINEST QUALITY

VERY NUTRITIOUS

PACKED IN 20-CENT TINS

SOLD BY

THE POST EXCHANGE

FURNISHED BY

Rogers Grocery Company

ASHEVILLE

NORTH CAROLINA

THE DIVISION OF PHYSICAL RECONSTRUCTION

The Division of Physical Reconstruction, under the direction of the Chief of Educational Service and Medical Supervisor, seeks to provide such exercises, educational and physical, as will prepare all patients for further military service, full or limited, or as is more probable today, to a fuller and more useful civil life. To this end, instruction is at present planned in carpentry and woodworking, cabinet-making, type-writing, tailoring, general agriculture, sign-painting, freehand lettering, reading, writing, arithmetic and English. Our work is yet in its infancy, but new buildings for educational work have been authorized and soon our program will include, in addition to the above, animal husbandry, poultry-raising, horticulture, landscape gardening, stenography, commercial law, bookkeeping, office routine, automobile driving and repairing, trouble finding, electrical parts and their repair, ignition troubles and their remedies, mechanical drawing and drafting, architectural drafting, surveying, printing, advertising, physical education, consisting of graduated walking, calisthenics, military drill, photography, etc. In prescribing for each patient, special attention is given to those lines of work that will have the highest therapeutic value.

At present over 500 men are enrolled in the reconstruction work. The men have been assigned to jobs along the lines of their previous training and experience in most cases. In a number of instances, men are anxious to expand and enter into new or further developed work than they have been doing.

An example of the vocations and choices of the men is illustrated by the following assignments. About fifty men, who have had previous clerical experience, are acting as ward orderlies and clerks; thirty men are doing rough carpentry; twenty-eight men will begin work in mechanical drawing this week.

There are now eighteen men enrolled in the typewriting class. These are men who will find a speedy knowledge of typewriting very helpful in their chosen lines of work.

Elementary school work is proving a boon to those men who have not already acquired a working knowledge of the English language. There are some forty men enrolled in these classes.

About thirty men are now engaged in carpentry and woodworking. This department of reconstructive work has proven very pop-

ular. A large number of really useful articles are completed each week. At present the carpenter squad is employed in table-making; tables for all the wards and offices of the Hospital will be constructed in the Reconstruction Carpenter Shop. Already over thirty typewriter tables have been completed, and about twenty-four large office tables have been delivered.

Besides the tables constructed, filing cabinets, bed tags, record holders, waste baskets, filing trays and dozens of other useful articles, satisfying the needs of the various wards and offices, are completed daily.

As stated before, this department will expand as rapidly as room and instructors can be provided. We hope that the very near future will give us a building of our own, after which time the Reconstruction Department hopes to become a more vital factor in the lives of the men during their limited stay here.

—C.B.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

—Reveille at 7:45 and Taps at 11:45?

—Sgt. Kahn giving away new five dollar bills for souvenirs?

—Jesse Nobles, as Master Hospital Sergeant?

—Patty Donovan wearing a full grown beard; and Kid Mendelsohn wearing a goatee moustache?

—Sgt. Pierce punching cows?

—Our own Dell without a sweetheart?

—Gloomy Zabin splitting his sides laughing?

—Sgt. Erpf, head cook, at the Detachment Mess?

—The lid off on gambling?

—Another list of promotions coming thru?

—Kukuk dining at the Claridge?

—Sgt. Radford in the Army?

—Dapper-looking Beecher shoveling coal for a living?

—Camel in a full dress suit?

—Two foot nothing Trewhella as full-back on our football team?

—Lieutenant Menne and Lieutenant Seiff in a catch-as-catch-can bout?

—Neither Can We.

BOYISH PREJUDICE

"Why did you name your boy 'Reginald Clarence?'"

"Because I wanted him to be a fighter. I figure that in our neighborhood a boy named 'Reginald Clarence' has got to fight."—*Washington Star*.

Make the Star Market Your Market



You need look no further than the Star Market for Fresh Meats and Tender Poultry—at reasonable prices.

We are Successful Caterers to a Variety of Appetites

Soldiers and Nurses will find it exceptionally desirable and satisfactory to buy at the

I. X. L. DEPARTMENT STORE

60 PATTON AVENUE

Everything they or their families need can be purchased here.

The Friendly Service and the Array of Gifts

MAKE THIS A PARTICULARLY
ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS STORE

Bon Marche

Asheville's Best Department Store

ORANGE STAR AUTO LINE TO ASHEVILLE



Cars Leave Post No. 1, Azalea

at 7:30 a.m., 8:30 a.m., then every 30 minutes until 8:00 p.m. Regular
Cars at 9:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m. and midnight.

Cars Leave South Pack Square, Asheville

at 7:00 a.m., 8:00 p.m. and every 30 minutes until 7:30 p.m. Regular
Cars at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.

Extra Cars Between 8 p.m. and Midnight as Needed

Fare 25 Cents One Way. Return Tickets 45 Cents. Ten-ride Tickets \$2.00.
On sale at Ticket Office, Pack Square, or Behen's Wayside Inn, Azalea.

The Haywood Grill

MARIAN A. PUTNAM

ALL THE BEST THINGS TO EAT AT REASONABLE PRICES.
OYSTERS SERVED IN ANY STYLE. OPEN SEVEN DAYS
IN THE WEEK FROM 8:30 A.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Teague's DRUG STORE

N. E. Pack SQUARE

OTEEEN READERS COME HERE
— FOR —

*Hot Chocolate
Holiday Boxes
Candies*

260 ——— PHONES ——— 1996

Western Produce Co.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It takes an enormous quantity of
food to feed one of the largest Gov-
ernment Hospitals in the United
States—G. H. No. 19.

We play a large part in the supply-
ing of it.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

Just as participation in the World's Great War has strengthened the bond of friendship and brotherhood among the soldiers, so has the spirit of comradeship and helpfulness, without any thought of personal advantage, prevailed among the nurses at this and other posts. Almost a missionary spirit seems to dominate them as they go around among the patients to minister not only to their physical needs, but to offer what cheer they can to men homesick and discouraged.

To an old resident of army posts "befo' de wah," when it was not necessary for nurses to show their self-sacrificing spirit, it is splendid to see them so willing to help a sister nurse out of any difficulty in which she finds herself, to put herself out to accommodate another nurse, and to accept, uncomplainingly, the many hardships and inconveniences that come to them at a camp like this during war and the trying reconstruction period following. The human touch and spirit of service, which counts so much for happiness and helpfulness, is very beautifully expressed by Spencer M. Free in his little poem, "Things That Count":

" 'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,

The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart

Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice

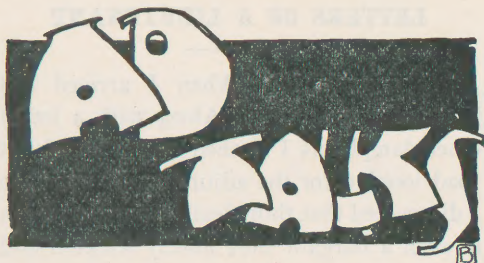
Sing on in the soul away."

—McQ.

Special Christmas Number of The Oteen is colors will appear next week.

K. C. DANCES ENJOYED

The heartfelt thanks of every man goes out to Mrs. O. C. Hamilton, the ladies assisting her, and to the K. C. officials for the splendid evening of entertainment given at the Knights of Columbus Hut Wednesday night a week ago. It will be recalled by many of the men that Mrs. Hamilton, with her K. C. dances given weekly in Asheville, is the one person above others that has had the entertainment of the soldier at heart—and now she comes right to our own door. It is hoped the weekly dance will continue, and that we may have the weekly dance in Asheville as well, when the flu question is entirely disposed of.



The happiest Christmas in the history of the world is rapidly approaching.

The boys and nurses of G. H. 19 are going to remember their loved ones at home.

Already they are debating in their minds what to send mother, sister, brother and sweetheart.

You, merchants of Asheville, can help them greatly in selecting suitable gifts—and also help yourselves as well.

Tell the boys and nurses that you have large stocks of Xmas presents. Tell them that you are pleased to help them make their selections.

The *profitable* way to tell them is thru the advertising pages of The Oteen.

Do it Now!

★ ★

IT CAN'T BE DONE!

It was a lumber-camp in the Far West. A new hand had just been signed on, and the foreman was deciding what work he was to do.

"Can you cook?" he asked.

"No," said the man; "but once I bought a cookery book."

"Well, and didn't you learn anything from that?" asked the foreman, slightly surprised.

"No; it was too stupid," came the answer. "I couldn't get the ingredients that were mentioned. Everything in that book began with 'Take a clean saucepan,' and a clean saucepan was a thing me and my mate never had in our cabin!"

★ ★

"Do you believe in evolution?"

"Surely. I have seen some remarkable examples of development from the lower forms of animal life. Only yesterday I saw a recruiting officer change a lounge lizard into a regular man."

★ ★

"Would you be willing to work your way through college?"

"I wouldn't mind working my way through a girls' college, dad."

★ ★

Policeman to the Burglar — "What are you doing there?"

Burglar replied—"Oh, just going through this man's safe; I think he was selling bum beef to the Army."

Make Your Xmas Shopping a Pleasure Not a Burden

Our sales force will assist you in select—
make Santa Claus envious.

Our sales force will assist you in select—
ing the appropriate present.



THE LEADER

"A Modern Department Store in All Its Branches"

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The Folks at Home...

Will appreciate your Photograph for Christmas more than any other gift. We have artificial light in our Studio and are able to make sittings *any time*. Good work and prompt delivery guaranteed.

RAY'S STUDIO

OVER NICHOLS' SHOE STORE

TELEPHONE 1704

PACK SQUARE

ATTENTION!

Speaking of military terms, when you need any of the following, come to see us:

O. D. WOOL SHIRTS
O. D. KHAKI SHIRTS
MILITARY HATS
O. D. SWEATERS

LEATHER PUTTEES
SPIRAL PUTTEES
CANVAS LEGGINGS
O. D. GLOVES

R. B. Zageir

8 BILTMORE AVENUE

"Just a Whisper off the Square"

M. V. Moore & Company

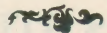
"He who hesitates is lost" can be well applied when buying Xmas Gifts.

Come at the last minute and you'll be disappointed.

The time to buy Xmas Gifts is NOW and the place is M. V. MOORE & CO. With our large stock of suitable gifts, you will be sure to find "just what you want."

Edwin C. Jarrett

WE CARRY ONE OF THE MOST COMPLETE STOCKS OF VEGETABLES, FRUITS AND FANCY GROCERIES IN THIS SECTION. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



12 N. PACK SQ. & CITY MARKET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DON'T GUESS WHAT TO GIVE FOR

Christmas

ANY PRESENT IS ACCEPTABLE—BUT AN APPROPRIATE GIFT IS DOUBLY APPRECIATED. OUR STOCK IS FILLED WITH

**Sensible, Satisfying, Practical Gifts
For Everybody**

WHY NOT MAKE UP YOUR LISTS, COME TO OUR STORE, SELECT WHAT YOU WANT, AND HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF GIVING GIFTS THAT SATISFY. YOUR BUSINESS WILL BE APPRECIATED.

NORTHUP-McDUFFIE HDW. CO.

Headquarters

33 PATTON AVENUE

TELEPHONE 142

LETTERS OF A LIEUTENANT

My dear Wife: When I arrived last night it was raining. Along with a lot of other dampfools I sloshed over a lot of wet road looking for the adjutant. It was then I discovered that those leather puttees we got at such a bargain were mostly stickum and butcher's paper. We finally found the adjutant — he's Major Jones of our town. "Hello, George," I said to him, but just then something back of me must of caught his eye because he seemed to be looking right through me at the place where I came in. Then I remembered to salute him and by helping out my right arm with my left I got it up to the salute position. Tomorrow I'm going to carry around that comptometer I use in counting leukocytes and find out just how many times a day I really do salute. Jehovah and Jupiter Pluvius are helping Uncle Sam train his Army for Flanders mud, because they tell me it rains more than half the time here. I walked all over the camp yesterday trying to borrow an umbrella. Every man that I asked, "Have you got an umbrella?" looked at me a minute and said, "Hell, no!" Finally some one told me it was unmilitary to carry an umbrella. Well, it may be unmilitary but a lot of these uniforms would last out the first week better than they do if we could use umbrellas. One of the fellows here was setting up his cot and something broke. He asked me to go down to headquarters and get him a couple of yards of skirmish line to fix it with. But I was wise. You see yesterday I walked an hour trying to buy a copy of "latrine news" that somebody told me was the camp paper and that it had an announcement of my arrival in it.

The rest of the men had equitation today. I thought it had something to do with mathematics. But it comes from "equus"—a horse. Call 'em horses if you want to—most of 'em were mules. One fellow stepped behind one and was considerably marked up. This evening they all yell at him, "Say, doc, what is a horse-car?" and he points at his eye and says, "That's a horse-scar." Do you get it? I got it the tenth time they told it to me.

Tell Dr. Ross who took my practice that I'm glad he "cured" Mrs. Richards. I used to "cure" her every month for a while. What does she think she has now?

I'm glad you all get along so well in one house. As soon as I get promoted you may be able to live alone. Kiss the kids for me.

Your friend husband,

FISHER MORSE,

Lieut. M.C., U.S.A.

THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN ASHEVILLE

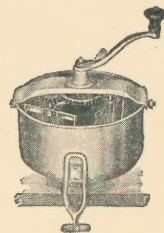
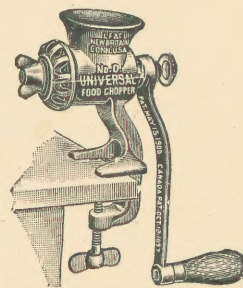
Will be pleased to handle in a courteous and efficient manner all business entrusted to its care. Your Account, large or small, is invited.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Cor. Church St. and Patton Ave.

Asheville, N. C.

Universal Kitchen Helps



BROWN HARDWARE CO.

No. 25 Broadway

KHAKI *and* *Long* GREEN

These are two colors which many people think have an antagonism for each other. Few people seem to expect the wearer of Khaki to save a cent of his earnings, but, instead, to spend it all before the setting of pay day's sun.

Goodness knows a soldier cannot buy much *headache* for a whole month's pay! But he CAN form a highly desirable habit by saving a few dollars each month—the habit of *systematized thrift*. Any man who will form the saving habit while still in the service, will some day be able to state the true story of a battle which he won single-handed against the entire army of the powers that prey!

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE